

The Evening World

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AGAINST THE RULES!



George Flake, of Carthage, O., a strap-hanging commuter, carries in his overcoat pocket a bit of board with ropes and hooks so attached that he can hang it from the loops of a pair of straps in a car, sit down in this portable swing and read the Cincinnati papers.

A clever idea, but it would not do in New York. Flake in his swing occupies, if he is a plump man of middle height, a space of 18 inches by 24 inches. Standing up, he uses a space 11 inches by 18. If he is thin and tall the difference is greater.

If many people in New York carried such swings and used them the number of passengers the cars can carry would be cut down. Then Thomas F. Ryan would have Grady or McCarren or Fitzgerald or Cooper or Gardner introduce a bill to forbid the practice. Such a bill should have no trouble in passing the present State Senate.

New York strap-hangers do not always understand their responsibilities. They are expected to pay profits on the new \$108,000,000 of watered stocks of the Ryan-Belmont merger. Such incidents as the recent passage of the Grady "amendment" in the Senate should sharply recall them to their duty.

Anything which reduces the number of strap-hangers is or will be made "against the rules."

HE "NEVER FORGOT A FACE."

James H. Breslin was one of the old-fashioned hotel proprietors who "never forgot a guest's face." The owner or manager of a gigantic modern hotel does not see a guest's face unless the guest stays longer than most men do.

Yet the old idea of personal attention was not a bad one. It may survive even the modern tendency to bigness and combination. Most men like to have their faces remembered and their names spelled right by business acquaintances.

MR. CARNEGIE'S OLD "BOSS."

Jacob H. Larcombe, Andrew Carnegie's "boss" when Mr. Carnegie was a telegraph messenger boy in Altoona, is now a clerk in the Pension Bureau in Washington. Mr. Carnegie has written to one of Larcombe's fellow clerks that he will pension Larcombe at \$75 a month. Mr. Carnegie writes:

I remember Mr. Larcombe well. He was kind to us boys. When he has to give up work, I suppose you have no pension fund. . . . I will put Mr. Larcombe's name on my pension list with rare pleasure when he must give up. You know it is better to postpone that day as long as possible, for men retire to languish and die.

This is a good letter, and the statement that "he was kind to us boys" is high praise of any man. It ought not to be true that a veteran so described should "retire to languish and die."

Do men who retire "languish and die?" Mr. Carnegie does not, but he has two advantages over many of his contemporaries. He does not need to worry about a livelihood and he has plenty of things to be interested in, from libraries and peace palaces to spelling reform.

Few men can, and possibly no man should, have as many millions as Mr. Carnegie; but almost any man can lay up hobbies or intellectual interests for his old age.

The Music Mystery
By Arthur MorrisonCHAPTER I.
The Broken Pane.

It was late on a summer evening, two or three years back, that I drowned in my armchair, when a sudden crash and a jingle of broken glass behind me woke me with a start. A pane of glass in my window was smashed. "Hello, there!" I shouted. But there came no reply. Nor could I distinguish anybody in the courtyard. As I looked, however, two men came hurrying from the passage into the court, and going straight into the deep shadow of one corner presently appeared again in a less obscure part, heading forth a third man, who must have already been there in hiding. The man who appeared, so far as I could see, to be smaller than either of his assailants—struggled fiercely, but without avail, and was dragged across the passage leading to the street beyond. But the most remarkable feature of the whole thing was the silence of all three men. No cry, exclamation or expostulation escaped any one of them.

I turned back into my room a little perplexed. It seemed probable that the man who had been borne off had broken my window. But why? I looked about on the floor, and presently found the cause. It was, as I had expected, a piece of broken concrete, but it was wrapped up in a worn piece of paper. This I saw to be an apparently rather hastily written piece of manuscript.

This gave me no help. I turned the paper this way and that, but could make nothing of it. There was not a mark on it that I could discover, except the music and the scrawled title, "Flitterbat Lancers," at the top. The paper was old, dirty and crumpled.

piece of concrete, observing: "There's a little job for you, Hewitt, instead of the stroll. What do those things mean?" And I told him the complete history of my smashed window.

Hewitt went away with the puzzle in his hand. . . . As I was returning to my rooms at lunch time next day, on the landing by my door I found the housekeeper in conversation with a shortish, sun-browned man with a grating beard, whose accent at once convinced me that he hailed from across the Atlantic. "See here, sir," he said, "I've been stumped these here four stairs of yours half through the morning. I'm anxious to apologize, I reckon, and fix up some damage."

He had followed me into my sitting room. "Sir," he continued, "last night I took the extreme liberty of smashing your window."

"Oh," said I, "that was you, was it?" "It was, sir—me. For that I beg your humblest apology. I trust the damage has not discommoded you, sir. I regret the accident, and I wish to pay for the fixing up and the general inconvenience." He placed a sovereign on the table. "I low you'll call that square now, sir, and fix things friendly and comfortable as the gentlemen on 'n' no ill will, thank."

And he formally extended his hand. I took it at once. "Well—there was one other little thing," he pursued. "There was a bit of paper round that pebble that came in here. Didn't happen to notice that, did you?"

"Yes, I did. It was an old piece of manuscript music." "Ah!" said my visitor, watching me narrowly, "that's a natter, is that 'Flitterbat Lancers'—a real natter. It weighs 'em all. Nobody can't get ahead of that. Ha, ha!" He laughed suddenly—a laugh that seemed a little artificial. "There's music fellers as 'lows to set right down and play off anything right away that can't make anything out of 'em that was monkeyin' with me last night. They never could make anything of it at all, and I was tan-

LETTERS from the PEOPLE
ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

Won't Support His Father-in-Law.

THE man who writes that he would support his wife in luxury and let his father-in-law starve is in the wrong. When he married the daughter he took the old folks' support away. A young lady contemplating marriage who has her parents depending upon her for support should stop and think: "What will they do if I should leave them?" Remember, my dear girls, you can get a husband any day, but you can't get a parent. Stick to your parents while they are here, for no man will love you as they do. He might say before he marries you, "I will support your parents." Don't trust the men for they will say anything.

A LOVING DAUGHTER.

An Appeal to Birmingham.
To the Editor of The Evening World: I want to call the notice of the police to the tree-for-all ceremony ever evening on the Fourteenth street subway



The Man struggled fiercely, but without avail.

platform, where a gang of young beasts push past older people and hurt and jostle them to get aboard express. This is the worst place along the line, and there ought to be arrests. Let a detective go and watch for one hour, and then let him report to Birmingham and let Birmingham arrest the toughs. S. A. E. S. A. E.

It is his Real Name.
To the Editor of The Evening World: In reply to "Anti-Flog," I would like to ask him why flogging is still used as a means of punishment by American parents. The school-masters of England still use the cane, on the theory that a flogging inflicted at the right time is the best thing in the world for an unruly child. But English parents very seldom use the cane on their children. This is not the case in America, where, I believe, hundreds of children are daily chastised by means of a rod or other instrument. ANTI-FLOG NO. 2.

Neither black nor white is a color. The seven colors of the spectrum are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red.

Promise and Performance.
To the Editor of The Evening World: For prodigality of promise and poverty of performance Jerome is certainly "P-R-I-M-A-R-I." No? Yes? FRAMEL.

That's all. Here's your paper, Mr. Hewitt. Only a little crumpled. Here also is the piece of concrete. If the Wedlake jewels have nothing to do with the affair, you may possibly want that, too—I can't tell.

"That's all right, I guess, Mr. Hewitt. Well, now it was all like this." And Mr. Reuben B. Hoker plunged into a detailed account of his adventures since his arrival in London.

They were not very prepossessing men altogether, though daintily dressed. Very few of them carried a game of cards. But Reuben B. Hoker was not to be had in that way, and after a while they parted. The two were amusing fellows enough in their way, and when Hoker saw them again the next night in the same bar, he made no difficulty in talking with them freely.

After a time, and after a succession of drinks, they told him that they had a speculation on the second night of the London streets in the city, when he managed to get into conversation with two men at a bar.

Exactly in what part of the house the jewels were to be found they did not know. There was a paper, they said, which was supposed to have contained some information, but as yet they hadn't quite been able to make it out. But that would really matter very little if once they got the jewels out of the house. Then they would simply go to work and search from the top-most chimney to the lowestmost, until they found them. Anyhow, the jewels must be found sooner or later. The only present difficulty was that the house was occupied and that the landlord wanted a large deposit of rent down before he would consent to turn out his present tenants and give them possession at a higher rental. This deposit and other expenses would come to at least £200, and they hadn't the money.

Hoker, very distrustful, sceptically demanded more detailed particulars of the scheme. But these men (Luker and Birks were their names, he found, in course of talking) inflexibly refused to communicate.

"Is it likely," said Luker, "that we should give the thing away to anybody who might easily go with his £250 and clear out the bloomin' show? Not much. We've told you what the game is, and if you'd like to take a flutter with your £250, all right; you'll do as well as anybody, and we'll treat you square. If you don't—well, that's all. We'll get the money from somewhere—there's blokes as 'ud jump at the chance, I can tell you—only the show away before blokes to deal with, as I'll explain if you come in with us. Anyway, we ain't going to give the show away before you've done something to prove you're on the job straight. Put your money down, and you shall know as much as we do." (To Be Continued.)

The Logical Coal Magnate.

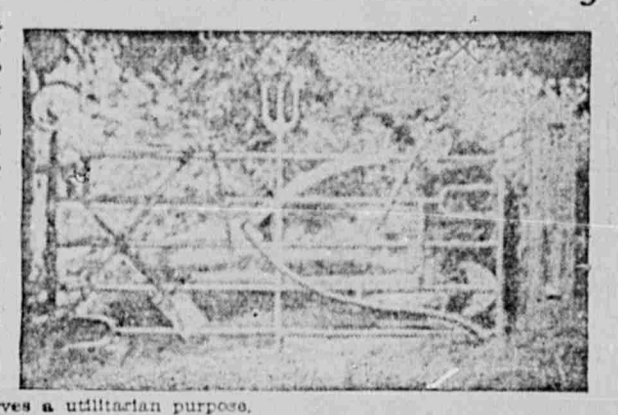
By J. Campbell Cory.

COAL TO THE CONSUMER AT COST OF PRODUCTION



A Group of Oddities in Picture and Story

HERE is a "freak gate" that is one of the rural wonders of England. It is on an estate near Tring and is composed wholly of farm implements. The crossbars are pitchforks, rakes, etc.; the uprights and transverse sections of hoes, spades, scythes and mattocks. At least fifteen implements are contained in the gate, and each serves a utilitarian purpose.



Chinchillas have been so much in request for furs in the last few years that the species is in danger of extinction in Chile and Bolivia.

This is probably the most expensive fowl on earth, and is worth its weight in gold. It is a buff Plymouth Rock, winner of the Lawson silver cup at the recent Boston Poultry Show, and was sold for \$750.

A cow's hide of average size produces about thirty-five pounds of leather.

The smallest quadruped in the world is the plummy mouse of Siberia.

It takes 40,000 tons of copper a month to satisfy home and foreign demands.

About two hundred oysters would be required daily to supply sufficient nourishment for one person.

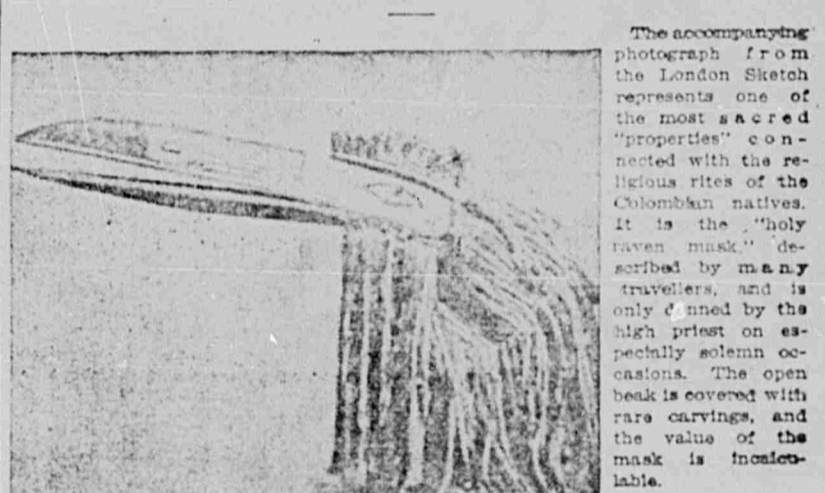
Four thousand and sixty-one muscles have been observed in the body of a moth.

England possesses twenty-eight ows for every hundred of the population. Australia has 230.

A new prize of \$10,000 is offered in France for the invention of a dirigible balloon.

In fifty years the average height of British men has risen an inch, to 5 feet 8-1/2 inches.

The accompanying photograph from the London Sketch represents one of the most sacred "properties" connected with the religious rites of the Colombian natives. It is the "holy hoven mask" described by many travelers, and is only donned by the high priest on especially solemn occasions. The open beak is covered with rare carvings, and the value of the mask is incalculable.



A dredger built of oak, sixty-eight feet long, twenty-one feet wide, and drawing seven feet six inches of water, is now in use in Dundee harbor. It has been in use in the same place for over one hundred years, and its engine is said to have been built by James Watt.

The Mock Orange Bridge Whist Club.
By Grinnan Barrett.

(Scene—Parlors of Mrs. Lowlymeek's home, where the Mock Orange (New Jersey) Bridge Whist Club is holding its weekly meeting. Mrs. Oliver Quiver, Mrs. Bob Darrow and Mrs. Beestinger are discovered in confidential conversation. Mrs. Lowlymeek, the hostess, flutters about the picture like a nervous guinea hen. Chorus of members of the club in the background.)

MRS. LOWLYMEEK (scotching up to the central group)—I believe all the others are ready to start.

Mrs. Oliver Quiver (ignoring the hint and addressing Mrs. Bob Darrow and Mrs. Beestinger)—You know I just peeked in the butler's pantry while I was making believe to fix my stock. It's the same old story—chicken salad, salted almonds, stingy little old oyster sandwiches and cheese straws.

Mrs. Beestinger—A cheese straw for me will be the last straw; I'm sick and tired of them. Tell me, did you see any bouillon cups? Positively, I'll shriek aloud if she has bouillon.

Mrs. Oliver Quiver—Prepare to shriek. I saw it myself—thin, insipid-looking stuff, with toast to go along with it.

Mrs. Bob Darrow—Ugh! It's quite evident to my mind that Mrs. Lowlymeek thinks "Cast thy bread upon the waters" is a bouillon-recipe. Sh-h! there she comes again.

Mrs. Lowlymeek (siddling up)—Excuse me, my dears, but the others are really anxious to begin playing. Er—everything is ready and waiting, you know.

Mrs. Oliver Quiver (sweetly)—In just a moment, dearest. We were just saying something nice about you among ourselves—something real complimentary about the beautiful way you always entertain. (As Mrs. Lowlymeek fades away.) Let 'em wait if they are so inconsiderate. Can't they see for themselves we are talking and don't want to be interrupted. As I was saying when that woman bobbed up and threw me off—really, she makes me awfully nervous—as I was saying, I saw four different monograms on the forks in the butler's pantry.

Mrs. Bob Darrow—That means Mrs. Lowlymeek's neighbors are eating dinner with their fingers to-night. Oh, I know all about these borrowers. Why, once—

Mrs. Oliver Quiver—Yes; and she's got that same old bunch of greasy waiters from Hickups & Belcher's.

Mrs. Beestinger—Then I know I shall expire. I've had that tall Swiss waiter handing me my chocolate by the top of the cup so often that I'll recognize the taste of his thumb in the pitch dark. (Seeing Mrs. Lowlymeek approaching.) What in the name of goodness can she want now?

Mrs. Lowlymeek (with an apologetic cough)—Really and truly, my dears, I hate to interrupt, but you know, it's just time to start playing; and—and it doesn't inconvenience me a bit—but some of the others are growing a mite impatient.

Mrs. Oliver Quiver (in a resigned tone)—Well, I suppose we must be going to the tables then, but there was ever so much more I wanted to tell you about. I know a beautiful piece of gossip that I got as a dead secret. I'll tell you both about it at lunch. We won't be able to eat a bite, I know, and we might as well talk a moment.

Thumbnail Sketches.

SUBJECT—John Alexander Dowle, Favorite Sport—Making Elijah turn over in his grave.
Favorite Task—Cleaning fish.
Favorite Book—"The False Prophet."
Favorite Author—Mother Eddy.
Favorite Artist—Hungry Joe.
Favorite Fruit—Zon greenings.
Favorite Plant—Slippery elm.
Favorite Vehicle—The springboard.
Favorite Musical Instrument—Sounding brass.
Favorite Character in History—Oily Gammon.